

TORRANCE ENTERPRISE

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EFFICIENCY IN BURNING UP MONEY

We call your attention, kind reader, to the world's most efficient "burner" of money. Referring, of course, to the modern battleship.

Uncle Sam is on the eve of putting into commission the tremendous dreadnaught, "Maryland." She will have cost FORTY-TWO MILLION DOLLARS, from start to finish, enough money to build and equip 200 handsome school houses in the State of Maryland—each handsome and big enough to house 1,000 pupils.

The Maryland has eight 16-inch guns, each of which cost \$256,000. A few shots—a dozen or so—puts such a gun in the scrap pile. Burns up a quarter of a million dollars in a sort of off-hand manner.

But, in addition, each shot costs \$18,000 for powder, metal, shell mechanism, etc. You couldn't shovel \$10 bills into your furnace fast enough to equal the Maryland's little trick of burning up money.

Then for upkeep each year the Maryland will cost \$750,000—three-quarters of a million—not counting salaries. The wage bill is another \$100,000 a month, which amounts to one million, two hundred thousand a year. Thus, it will cost two million dollars a year to keep the Maryland in commission. You could hire one thousand professors a year for that sum.

Whither are we going? How long can this country stand such expenditures?

Bloodshed, barbarism and the utter bankruptcy of mankind are not far ahead unless the nations "come to" pretty soon.

A GUN UP EACH SLEEVE OF HER KIMONA

As the fated day of the Armament Conference draws near, it appears to the average American as if the ink in the milk is Japan—silent, cunning Japan.

We hear all sorts of talk in our very best sensational papers and magazines of the great navy she is building in secret; of her mysterious battleships, her mysterious airplanes and this and that mysterious engine of war. Add to this the fact, which has been impressed on us all for a third of a century, that Japan works darkly and springs on her victim like a bludgeon-armed thief in the night—no wonder we fear her attitude at the coming conference.

But the American military experts do not share our average impressions. They laugh at the widely printed stories of the Japanese navy being as strong or stronger than ours, or that it is likely to be as strong as ours in a few days. They point out:

It takes time, great sums of money, large purchases of material abroad to build a dreadnaught. It is impossible to camouflage such a huge undertaking.

Japan is a poor country. Her revenues are only one-fifteenth of the revenues of the United States, and her people are even now groaning and restive under the burden. Be her naval program what it may, she cannot compete in sea strength with \$7 to Uncle Sam's \$100.

Our naval experts are willing to bet their reputations that she has only six dreadnaughts to our 19, and they say that that proportion—or nearly that—will continue under our and Japan's program up to 1928, which is as far as anybody can figure in 1921.

Perhaps it is another cunning oriental game to make the world think that Japan is armed to the teeth. Maybe she thinks that she'll scare somebody by pretending at the Conference that she has a gun up each sleeve of her kimona.

MOTOR TRUCKS SHOULD PAY

Discussing the problem of the motor truck and the upkeep of highways as well as truck and rail competition, the

WHAT NEXT IN ELECTRICITY? THOUGHT TELEGRAPHY?

Away back in the nineties Mark Twain wrote an interesting piece about mental telegraphy—some folks call it "telepathy." Mark recited instances where he had wanted very much to hear from this or that person, and had had it on his mind strongly, and he had even sat down and written letters to them. In each example the letter "crossed" in the mails another from the individual in mind.

Few of us but have had letters "cross" in the mails, both written on the same subject. And how frequently have each one of us been surprised to find people about whom we were talking suddenly appear on the scene, causing us to remark: "Speak of angels and you'll hear their wings," or, "Speak of the devil," etc. And then there is the constant recurring duplication of thought and ideas which brings out the saying: "Great minds travel in the same direction."

Few think of these as "mental telegraphy," but are they not?

Mark Twain wrote in the days when common telegraphy of messages was by wire. He was convinced that mental telegraphy was not clairvoyance or spiritism, but the action of some unknown quality of electricity. Since that time wireless telegraphy has become common. Wireless telephony is beginning to become common. We know that the sounds are carried through the air by waves of electricity which was against poles and standpipes to which receivers are attached.

The world is making amazing strides in the science of electricity. What will it yield next? Will it be the discovery of a quality or element in electricity that, with the help of apparatus, will wash the waves of thought from one brain to another?

THE MAN WHO ATE FOUR SHEEP FOR BREAKFAST

There are famous appetites in history and more or less famous appetites right here in our own community. But have you yet heard of the American citizen who consumed four sheep—or, to be exact, the equivalent of four sheep—for breakfast?

Come with us to Chicago. Arriving on another train is a stock farmer from Nebraska, who raises sheep by ten thousands. No matter about his name. The incident is on record in the office of Mr. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture in Washington.

The stock farmer has shipped 12,000 sheep before leaving home. When his flock arrives in Chicago he sells it, and is paid THIRTY-TWO CENTS PER SHEEP after freights, commissions and other charges are deducted.

The next morning he goes into a fairly good Chicago restaurant and orders mutton chops for breakfast. When he pays his bill he finds that he has eaten the equivalent of the price he had the day before received for four sheep.

As we have said before, the woodpile is full of Senegambians.

Portland Telegram in a recent issue says in part:

"Figures showing what part of the highway expenditures are paid by taxes on trucks are not available for all states, but the proportion as shown is generally small, not usually exceeding one-tenth and running as low as half that figure. And yet it is the motor truck more than all other vehicles combined that destroys paved road values.

"A heavy truck running at high speed will spoil more pavement in one trip than all the pleasure cars of the entire month. For this reason trucks should pay a heavier tax than any other vehicle. Some eastern states are contemplating taxing unreasonably heavy trucks off the highways with a tax of \$100 per ton for every truck of five tons or more.

"No tax or fine should be levied on motor trucks with a view to protecting the railroads from their competitors. But building highways on auto taxes may equitably be done, and it is being successfully done in many of the other states. Minnesota has authorized the expenditure of \$100,000,000 on its system of state roads, the entire amount to be paid by taxes on motor driven vehicles. These roads will be built with concrete bases to withstand truck traffic, and doubtless trucks will be compelled to pay in proportion to their destruction of the roadbed."

SHOULD MARRIED WOMEN WORK?



The Commander of the Barbara, Erieckie Post of the American Legion in New York is a woman—Mrs. Julia E. Wheelock, the writer, who during the World War recruited 16,000 men for the United States navy. Mrs. Wheelock has urged married women who work unnecessarily to give up their jobs in favor of unemployed ex-service men.



Poem by Uncle John

JINGLES

The jingles of the sleigh-bell is a memory of the past, along with other jingles that are too sweet to last, but they blessed the hearts that loved 'em, with their soul-entrancin' chime, but it seems they weren't intended to stand the test of time.

Then, the jingle in the pocket, which can never be mistook, when a feller's summer wages overflows his pocket-book. . . . It's a jingle that's encouragin', but allers simmers down to melancholy whisper when the feller goes to town.

But the jingle that entrances an' surpasses all the rest, that furnishes the music that the people likes the best, that penetrates the capsule of a feller's inner thirds, is the jingle of the poet with a satchel-full of words.



CHRISTMAS CARDS

A BEAUTIFUL VARIETY JUST ARRIVED FROM CHICAGO!

You cannot fail to be pleased with the better greeting cards for personal use which we are now showing. These cards consist of the best publications of Eastern makers as well as the pleasing products of our own printing office.

For those who wish cards of an exclusive nature we have designed a series of DE LUXE GREETING CARDS, containing over twenty handsome and original designs, which will be strictly limited as to quantity, and not shown elsewhere.

INEXPENSIVE APPROPRIATE BEAUTIFUL

JUST SAY THE WORD AND WE WILL CALL WITH SAMPLES
TORRANCE ENTERPRISE LOMITA NEWS LETTER

C. P. ROBERTS